



M 1978 \$2 D35 1892

THE ROOKIE RUBE.

Composed and sung by W. J. H. Dallaghan, Bugle Inst'r, U. S. N.

I aint been long in this 'ere Navy,
Just few days ago that I arrived;
But I guess I'll stay, 'tis better than farmin',
Don't hev any cows to milk or drive.



The first day that I got here
They dressed me up in snowy white;
Give me a sack to put my clothes in,
'Nother sack to sleep in that night.



The next mornin' just at daylight
Man with a horn made an awful noise,
'Nother man blew on a whistle,
Said "turn out quick an' lash up, boys."



Fellow told me to go down to the bath-room, Never seen such a place before;

Water comes down in streams from the ceiling, Runs right down through a hole in the floor.



A feller told me the first day that I got here That I'd have to get my butter check— I been waitin' since I got here for a hammik ladder,

I been waitin' since I got here for a hammik ladder, And I ain't got the ladder nor the butter check yet. Hoy T "On

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I've learned quite a lot 'bout soldier business, How to march and turn around;

They give me a gun an' showed me how to use it—"One! two! three!" an' then put it on the ground.



Then we have what they call Artillery—Funniest business you ever see—A whole lot of ropes tied on to a cannon, Drag it around as quick can be.



The other day, took us boat ridin', Went out a long way on the sea;
The boat began to rock and tumble;
Got as sick as sick could be.

I've learned quite a lot 'bout guns an' signals; Quite a lot 'bout sails an' boats; But one thing I can't get on to, Is how them big iron ships can float.



They sent me up to roll the topsail,
Went way out to the end of the rope;
Felt kind o' shaky when I was out there,
Won't have to go out there again I hope.



Well I guess I'll stay till my time is over, Only got 'bout four years more; Then I'll go home and go to farmin', An' plough the dark blue sea no more.



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